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DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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No. 26.

Winter.

BY FREDERIC EMIL NEEF, '91.

Around the blazing grate the children play,
Awhile the flames fantastic shadows throw
And crackling embers break in fiery show.
Upon the mantle-piece, with measured sway,
The old clock ticks the merry time away.
Without, the angels scatter flakes of snow,
From ev'ry tree a myriad crystals grow;
This is, indeed, the children's happiest day.

But, oh! the winter's beauties make me weep;
For winter once to Death a brother gave:
A flower yet unblossomed, doomed to die.
Alas! beneath the snow where violets sleep,
In the cold earth he lies, and o'er his grave
The ice-crowned laurel bows, and north winds sigh.

The Voice of Nature.

Nature presents everything in so admirable a manner—all things in it have so charming an appearance, are in such order, in so perfect an agreement, each so well adapted for constituting something at once simple, undivided and whole, that we are never tired of admiring, of contemplating and of meditating upon their truly transcendent beauties.

Nature is to us, indeed, a wide field of science—a field over which we may rove at pleasure and at leisure, drinking in, as it were, lessons of wisdom, and nourishing our souls with good thoughts and heavenly contemplations; for who can look upon her, dressed, as she may be, in her richest attire, and not feel himself—his soul, his thoughts—raised to that God who is the Author of life, of creation—the primary Cause, the first and the last End of every existence?

But notwithstanding this, there is a class of men who become so infatuated with the con-

cord, the harmony and the beauty of the spheres that they quite forget the Author of creation—Him who brought all things from nothing—and wholly lose themselves in the consideration of physical objects, and in the contemplation of nature's charms, never thinking perhaps that all the objects of their admiration are centred in an eminent manner in Him who is the Author of all good.

God is, indeed, the centre of all goodness, the fountain of all happiness, the source whence emanates the beautiful, the sublime, all perfection, all bliss. He is the One in whom all things have their existence and on whose creative act they depend, for the reason that the creative act of God is continuous in its nature—the same power that creates existences is exercised at every moment in their preservation. Hence those who, in place of seeing God in everything, of looking upon Him as a being of infinite majesty, power and perfection, of accustoming themselves to see in Him supereminently whatever tends to the beautifying and perfecting of the visible universe, content themselves with beholding everything with corporal eyes—in a manner that excludes every notion of the supernatural—cannot by any means see or realize the extent of the real beauties and perfections that may be found in His works.

If one, for instance, does not acknowledge that man is composed of a body and a spiritual and immortal soul, can he have anything like a correct idea of this wonderful creation? Again, how can one who does not admit the inspiration of the Bible, along with the necessity of having an infallible interpreter of it, know anything about the exalted state in which our first parents were placed immediately after their creation? We read in Genesis, i, 26, that man is made to the image and likeness of God—

Faciamus hominem ad imaginem et similitudinem nostram; and again in Ecclesiasticus, vii, 30: *Solummodo hoc inveni, quod fecerit Deus hominem rectum*—"Only this have I found, that God made man right." These passages of Holy Scripture tell us in unmistakable terms what kind of a being man really is, and the state in which he was before his fall; and better than all else, they give us an idea of his nobility, his excellence and worth. To create the sun, with all its train of attendant planets—to create the animals that roam the plains, the fishes that swim in the waters, the *fiat* of the Almighty was sufficient. But for the creation of man there was a consultation, as it were, between the three Persons of the Most Adorable Trinity, and hence the words, "Let Us make man," etc. Who, then, that does not fully realize the importance of the foregoing words can behold in man those distinguishing marks that make him "a little less than the angels"? Who, again, that does not believe in future punishments or rewards—in meriting or demeriting in the life to come—can attach the requisite importance to a life of virtue and honor, or duly appreciate it? Is it not too often the case that men who thus believe, or rather persuade themselves to believe in this way, lead a life so natural, so inconsistent with the state they are placed in by God, and so much resembling that of the lower animals, that we sometimes are incited to look upon rational existence as something at once strange and difficult to analyze? On looking around us we behold with surprise, not far from astonishment, the brute creation leading a life in every way consistent with itself, each species of animals having its own peculiar mode of existing—of living a life that is best adapted to its nature and wants; but man, the most noble of all—a rational being—pursues for the most part such a different course, living a life the very opposite of that which God wishes him to live, that were we to look upon him with no other assistance than what is innate, we would in all probability have a curious notion of him—of ourselves; and would so imagine ourselves to be something the very opposite of what we are; we would be ignorant of our superiority and lordship over all animal life, as also the place which we hold in the sight of Him to whose image and likeness we are made.

But at this juncture a serious thought might flash across our minds; it might occur to us whether we are really so important, so far above animal life as we are inclined to believe; do we not often see and feel that we are very weak, very inferior in some respects to even the beasts

of the plain? Do those latter creatures not surpass us in swiftness, strength, endurance, etc.? All this is certain, because their mode of subsisting is very different from ours. We were destined by God to lead a social life, to live in society, with our fellows, and thus there is such a space between us as to constitute us something entirely different both as regards our end, which is a supernatural one, and our constitution, which is rational. Hence we may see that our natural faculties are insufficient of themselves to establish firmly in our minds, so as to last, the true idea of God or of his works; and so it may be said that reason gives us but the beginning of this idea; something else is required for its completion. By the beauty, order, etc., which we find in the works of nature we are raised up to the contemplation of a Supreme Being. One that sways the heavens in His hands and rules over all things in an admirable and perfect manner, and by this latter act or consideration we are again enabled to look upon created things in a clearer light, and trace out a thousand and one distinguishing qualities that before were hidden from us; our souls are impressed more deeply with their transcendent beauty, grandeur and sublimity; we behold with wondering eyes the image of the Sovereign Lord stamped upon them, and thus are rendered capable of appreciating their goodness and the power of Him whom they unceasingly proclaim.

It is truly the Christian soul that takes in at one grasp the power of God manifested in His works; it is the Christian soul, too, who penetrates their mysteries, unveils their obscurity, and seems to get a glance at the very manner in which they were produced from nothing, as also how they are sustained and governed. Hence we may see that the nearer we approach to God, the greater facility we have for fully understanding everything connected with the world around us; while, on the contrary, the more we estrange ourselves from the Author of life, the Creator of whatever exists, the less do we find of the beauty, order and harmony in His works. Our senses are of too gross a nature to produce upon our soul a sense of the sublime and beautiful, and consequently we must always fall far short of catching that *something* which so enhances the beauty of the most insignificant of God's creatures.

But notwithstanding God's manifestation to man, how many there are of the human family estranged altogether from Him, and never think of returning once more to His truth and knowledge! They are satisfied, it seems, with the world, its pleasures, and whatever may be had

in it, and so look no more to anything supernatural; nature, in their sense of the term, becomes their all, nor do they care to rise any higher, or "look through nature up to nature's God." Indeed, we, Christians, feel sorry for the sad fate of those poor mortals who pass their lives in such a degraded condition as never to raise themselves, their souls, or their thoughts to the contemplation of the one eternal and true God.

All men, it is true, have some kind of an idea of a Being higher, nobler and more powerful than themselves; but with many this is all. Hence it should be the aim of every true follower of Christ to do his utmost in bringing those who do not absolutely refuse to receive the doctrine of Christianity, to a knowledge of the true Faith and the light of the Gospel of peace. Christians, one and all, should remember that were they themselves in a similar condition—they would feel grateful for having been drawn out of the superstition and blindness that engulf so large a portion of the human race; they should remember, too, that were they left to themselves, without any other means of finding out and knowing who God is and what He requires of them—save the light of reason which is within them, and which so easily becomes dimmed by the circumstances in which they might be placed—it would be very difficult for them to find out God, or have a correct idea of that Supreme Being who has so admirably fashioned the universe, and whose omnipotence He has stamped thereon. Hence they might consider themselves inclined to look upon things in a far different light from that in which they now find them, and might, perhaps, be content with what they saw and beheld with corporal eyes rather than trace all effects to their cause—a cause which it would be so easy to lose sight of when the admiration of the works of nature would be only in question.

It is thus, indeed, we ought to reason in regard to those creatures before alluded to, and so do our best to bring them to a light of the Gospel of Christ, in order that they may know the God and Saviour whose children they are. But while we render what assistance we can to those who are steeped in the darkness of paganism, we should pray for and pity those who, although they may have received a good education, and a religious training from, perhaps, the lips of pious parents, follow their own blinded notions so far as to deny that on which is based Christianity itself with all our hopes and inspirations. It is, indeed, sad to think of a man going so far beyond the path of rectitude as to mock at every form of religion, ridicule morality and

virtue, deny the existence of either hell or heaven, and also strive to persuade himself and others that there is no God. We may perhaps shudder at such a thought, but nevertheless it is true; scattered all over the world are Nihilists, Materialists, Pantheists, Atheists, and others of a like tenor, who all, either directly or indirectly, deny the existence of that Being whom nature itself proclaims. The poet says:

"The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill;
The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
From the darkest night's successive winds,
Divine instruction springs:
Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind."

J. R.

—
Daniel O'Connell.

In every epoch of the world's history the human race, though differing on every other question, has been unanimous on one subject. The successful patriot who rescues his down-trodden countrymen from the yoke of the oppressor and the degradation of thraldom, has ever been placed in the foremost rank of their illustrious and honored characters.

The emancipator of Ireland is one whom both his native land and the world at large deem worthy of such honor. Daniel O'Connell was born at Cahirciveen, County Kerry, Ireland, on August 6, 1775, and was the eldest son of Morgan O'Connell. In early childhood he was adopted by his uncle Maurice who defrayed the expenses of his education. When thirteen years old, he spent a year at a small school, near Queenstown, where he was noted for his studiousness and the progress he made in his studies.

As the Catholics of Ireland were at this time excluded from the benefits of a university education at home, O'Connell was obliged to go to France to enjoy this privilege. There the science of education had attained a high degree of perfection through the efforts of Richelieu and the Jesuits. The year of 1791 he passed at St. Omer's. At the end of the year the president of that institution, at the request of his uncle, gave his opinion of Daniel's abilities. "I was never so much mistaken in my life," he said, "as I shall be unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society." During 1792 he spent some months at Douay, but was compelled

to leave early in 1793 by the Reign of Terror.

In the same year a bill was passed in Parliament allowing Catholics to become members of the bar. The candidate, however, was obliged to study in London. In 1794 O'Connell entered as a law-student at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1798. After a short vacation he entered upon his arduous career; and his first circuit was very successful for a young barrister.

Two questions of momentous importance in 1799 agitated the public mind of Ireland. One was the Veto and the other the Union. Against the latter O'Connell delivered his first speech.

Ireland, with its untold miseries and the large mass of her people suffering common grievances, was perhaps at this time the soil best prepared to nurture the glory of a single man. In her zeal to obtain complete independence she had risked falling into complete slavery, and no longer could she dispute the rights of her invader. She no longer needed a general to head her armies, but a statesman to vindicate her cause. O'Connell became her champion, and with his characteristic zeal, prudence and impetuous eloquence alone and single-handed he forced the British Parliament to accede to his wishes in behalf of his prostrate country. He emancipated the Catholics of the three kingdoms from the tyrannical grip in which they had been held for centuries, and directed the affairs of his native country almost alone.

His manful struggle in the County Clare for emancipation in 1828 first brought him into the field of politics. He was elected to fill a vacancy in Parliament from that county. He presented himself before the bar of the House, and on the oath of supremacy and allegiance being presented to him he demanded the new formula, which was refused. The Emancipation Bill required that all Catholics elected before its passage should be sworn in by the old formula. This was purposely to exclude O'Connell from the House, and as he still refused to accept it he was requested to withdraw.

On the 19th of May, O'Connell appeared before the bar of the House and was listened to with great attention. On the following day he again refused the oath and the seat was declared vacant. O'Connell again became a candidate and was promptly re-elected.

We will now turn to the closing years of O'Connell's life. In 1847 he made his last speech in the House. Weakened by imprisonment and harassed by distress, his appearance was that of one destined soon to descend into the grave. A few days later he was taken seriously ill, and his physicians advised him to try

a milder climate. O'Connell therefore determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome and obtain the blessing of the illustrious successor of St. Peter, Pius IX.

The closing days of O'Connell's life are well described by Sir Charles Gavan Duffey. "For two months," he says, "he had travelled through France, accompanied by his youngest son and the Rev. Dr. Miley. Early in May they reached the Italian Riviera. They paused at Genoa, the city of palaces, and there on Saturday, May 15, at half-past nine in the night, he died without pain. The bells of the Annunciata tolled while the great Catholic chief was in his agony, and Mass was solemnized at its five-and-twenty altars for the eternal repose of his soul. His last directions were that his heart should be sent to Rome and his body to Ireland.

"The death of their aged leader, alone in a foreign country, touched deeply the feelings of the Irish people. A popularity almost without parallel for intensity and duration had been followed by a sudden reverse; but it was not against the man, but against the incredible policy of his old age the people had rebelled, and there was a revival of affection in which his mistakes and shortcomings were cheerfully put out of sight.

"Throughout his career he had been the subject of extravagant reproach and extravagant panegyric. The truth would leave him the reputation of a leader not so free from self-seeking as Grattan and Washington, not so steadfast in purpose and indomitable in will as Francis Deak, but one who through a long life had constantly devoted great powers to a just cause."

JAS. M. BRADY.

A Work Unfinished.

The subject of the following sketch—from the *Chicago Tribune*—was a benefactor to the Lemonnier Library of the University, having presented a number of valuable historical works, documents, MSS., etc. While engaged in her literary work she passed the greater part of the year 1880 at Notre Dame:

"In a small room in the second story of a brick cottage, No. 29 Newberry avenue, there died a few days ago—unattended and alone—a remarkable woman. A lady of unusual qualities, characteristics, and idiosyncrasies, her career was as strange and eventful as her end was lonely, unexpected and sad. A scholar, a historian and a poet, she struggled unflinchingly amid difficulties and reverses up to the moment of her death at a monumental task which she had set for herself.

"The name of this remarkable woman—at the same time noted and obscure—was Abby Maria Hemenway. She was born in Burlington, Vt. Her family is an old one in that and other New England States, and she possessed in a pronounced degree the aggressive, intellectual and self-reliant traits of the Yankee. Some members of the family moved to Rutland, Burlington, and other cities of the State, and became wealthy; but she kept on studying and struggling. She had three brothers and two sisters, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, are now said to be wealthy. The afternoon she died a letter was received from one of her sisters who is the wife of a millionaire. In her last and lonely moments she was unable to open it, and it was returned to the writer by a neighbor who found it near her dead body.

"Miss Hemenway, it appears, first came to this city about four years ago, and took up her residence in the second story of No. 29 Newberry avenue, where she had since resided. The lower story of the brick cottage is occupied by a Jewish family, with whom, however, she had little acquaintance.

"One of the first things she did after taking possession of the apartments was to move into them a miniature yet practical printing establishment. And here was displayed her singularly strong and self-reliant character. It was but the fulfilling of her dream.

"From her girlhood she had had aspirations for literary renown, which were not curbed by the necessity she felt that she must teach school to gain a sustenance. There is at least one man, a head of a family, in this city now, who, as a scholar, remembers her as a kind but exacting teacher in the Green Mountain State.

"While teaching, her love for her native State inspired her with the idea that its history and its glories, its great men and its achievements, should be fully written. With that idea she resolved to gather from the best-informed people in every section of the State a full account of the deeds and traditions of each county. She announced her work as 'The Vermont Historical Gazetteer—a work embracing a history of each town, civil, ecclesiastical, and military.' The first volume of this history, which has proved to be through her industry and perseverance a voluminous one, was issued in 1867. In the preface to it she says: 'We entered upon it about three years before our late Southern Rebellion,' but after publishing a few numbers, 'the work not receiving financial support sufficient to sustain it during war days,' the publication was suspended. Of this history of Vermont our public library has four volumes, each of which is a big octavo of about 1,200 pages. The fourth volume has a dedication to the Legislatures of Vermont for the years 1878 and 1880, thanking the members for aiding her in the publication of the work. The scope of the work she had laid out was to embrace six of these big volumes, and the assistance of the Legislature of the

State was necessary to enable her to complete her task.

"But this history of Vermont was not her only literary occupation or venture. She had compiled and edited 'The Poets and Poetry of Vermont,' and had written a life of Congressman Meech of that State and his family, with whom she had lived until the death of Mrs. Meech.

"About twenty years ago Miss Hemenway's ardent yet austere and acute nature led her to the dissection and consideration of religious creeds and, to the astonishment of her relatives and friends, she announced herself a convert to the Catholic faith. This produced a temporary estrangement with her family, but she remained stern and defiant. About this time, it is supposed, she went to live with the family of Congressman Meech, and in the fervor of her new religious feelings and enthusiasm composed an ecstatic poem entitled 'The House of Gold, and the Saint of Nazareth,' which Kelly, Piet & Co., of Baltimore, published in 1873 as Vol. III. of the 'Rosa Mystica' series, by Marie Josephine.

"But the work of her life, and that which portrayed her real intellectual qualities, was her 'History of Vermont.' Since her arrival in Chicago she had published a fifth volume, and at her death was engaged on the sixth and last volume of the work. A few weeks ago she said she would have it completed before the year was out, and then she would rest and enjoy the fruits of her toil for a quarter of a century. The Legislature of Vermont, it seems, has been paying her something for the volumes already completed, and when the history was finished she expected a remunerative sum from the State, which would enrich her and enable her to spend her declining days in peace and rest.

"The extraordinary feature in Miss Hemenway's character was the manner in which she toiled and struggled to complete her history. In the second story of the little cottage she had two small rooms. The front one, being the brightest, she fixed up as a printer's composing-room, and there she daily worked at the case, putting into type the sentences of her history which she had written during the night; and she not only set up her own copy, but she got it into 'forms' ready for the printer whom she had employed down-town. In this manner she was gradually completing her work and daily adding to the pages for the binder.

"Miss Hemenway lived almost as an ascetic, although she was in no want. She had no thought but about her sixth and last volume. When she left her tiny printing-office to get milk or bread she noticed none of her neighbors, and seemed to be eternally thinking and wrapt up in her own thoughts.

"Up to her last moments, it appears, Miss Hemenway stuck to her type-setting on her history. She had but few acquaintances and only visited the homes of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pecher, No. 23, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, No. 31 Newberry avenue. Sunday last she dined with

Mrs. Smith. Tuesday evening she was found dead in her room, the cause being apoplexy. Yesterday, her brother, Horace C. Hemenway, of Kansas City, took charge of the body and had it shipped to Ludlow, Vt. Among Miss Hemenway's effects were a rare collection of articles of jewelry, most of them being of a description that would entitle them to the admiration of an antiquarian."

◆◆◆
The Science of Botany.

Within a short period of time the science of Botany has made great progress in the United States. Only a few years ago the "Lessons in Botany," by Asa Gray, and the "Text-Book of Botany," by Alonzo Wood, were the only books used for the study of this interesting science. But since then, Prof. Bessey has published his text-books on Botany, which he modelled after the "Text-book of Botany" by Sacks. His works have done a great deal of good, as structural Botany became thereby greatly developed. But Prof. Bessey made a notable mistake in his works, which he tried afterwards to remedy by adding an introductory chapter to his "Briefer Course in Botany." Bessey had given too much preponderance to Microscopic Botany, and, as a consequence, his book was too difficult for ordinary pupils. Kellerman, of Kansas University, next produced his "Elements of Botany," which united again Morphological and Microscopic Botany, but he, in turn, gave too much space to Economical Botany.

Two years ago Professor Bastin, of Chicago, edited his "Elements of Botany," and evidently had then and there made a start in the right direction. All the branches in Botany were correctly balanced, and none was more developed than what is harmonious with a college course in Botany.

Lately, Professor Bastin has revised his work, and publishes now two courses: one "The Elements of Botany," admirably adapted for High Schools and ordinary colleges; and a second book called "College Botany," which supplies a want hitherto not so well filled by any other course of the kind (G. P. Engelhard & Co., Chicago). Any student having carefully studied either of these text-books is well prepared for Plant Analysis and, in the author's

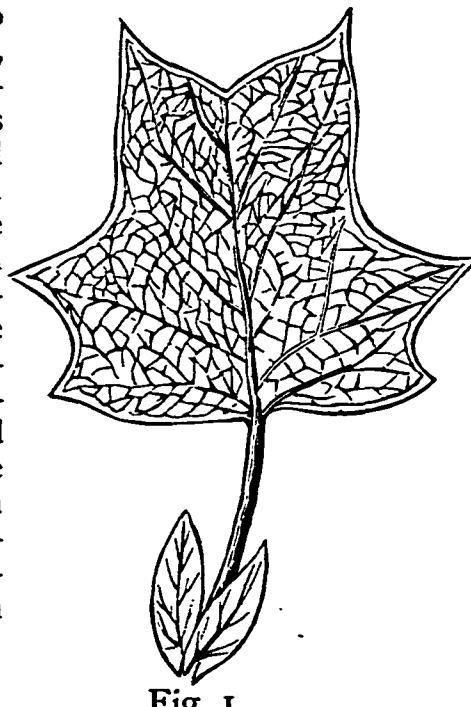


Fig. 1.

own words, "an analytical key and manual will then be something more to him than merely finding out the names of plants."

To give the reader an idea of the method of Prof. Bastin, we will select a few of his numerous and appropriate illustrations. Take, for example, the leaf (fig. 1—fig. 46 in College Bot.) and see how text and illustration go together:

"A leaf, when complete, consists of three parts: the *lamina* or blade, the *petiole* or leaf-stalk, and two small, blade-like bodies called the *stipules*. Such a leaf is seen in the tulip tree and is illustrated in fig. 46."

Next take that difficult question of the union between pollen-cell and germ cell. Figures 2 and 3 (295 and 296 in book) give the student a better idea how this is effected than any number of words could. The language which the author uses to explain these two diagrams is characteristic of the whole book—clear, concise, and to the point, avoiding verbosity which generally bewilders the student. A glance at the illustrations and the explanation of the figures are sufficient to give an idea of the way in which the seed is formed in phanerogamic plants.

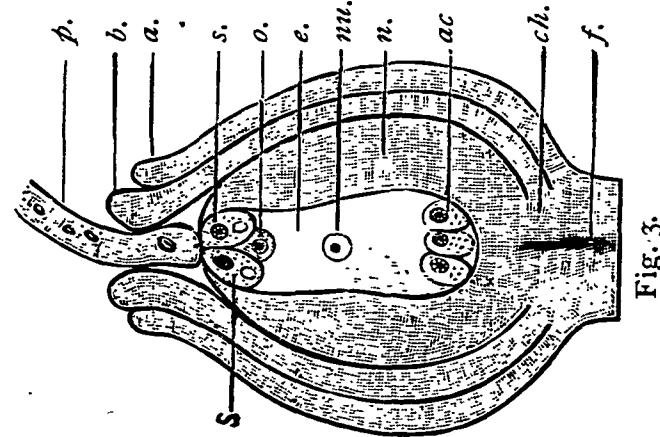


Fig. 3.

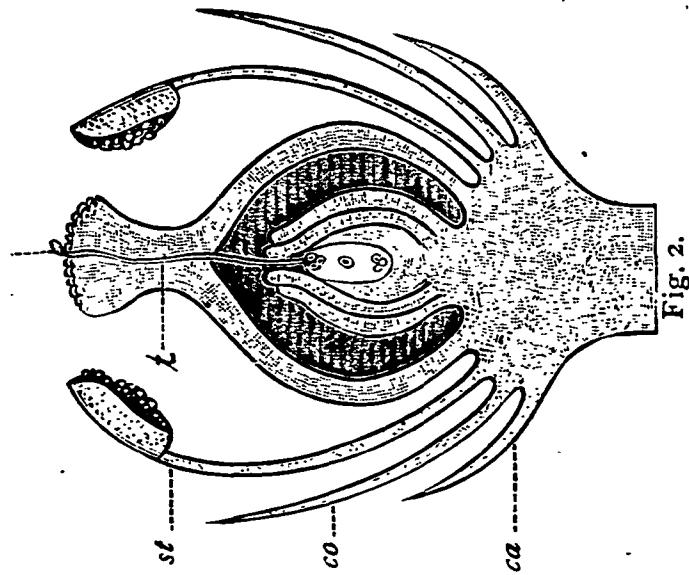


Fig. 2.

Fig. 2. Diagram of flower in vertical section to show fertilization of ovule: *ca.*, calyx; *co.*, corolla; *st.*, stamen; *p.*, pollen grain sending tube *t.* down through the tissues of the style and into the micropyle of the ovule. In the nucellus of the ovule is seen the embryo-sac with the synergidæ, oosphere, antipodal cells and nucleus.

Fig. 3. Diagram representing an ovule in the process of fertilization: *f.*, funiculus of the ovule penetrated by a spiral vessel; *ch.*, chalaza; *a.*, outer integument or primine; *b.*, inner integu-

ment or secundine; *p.*, end of pollen tube that has penetrated the nucellus; *n. e.*, embryo-sac; *nu.*, nucleus of embryo-sac; *s. s.*, the two synergidæ; *o.*, the oosphere, and *ac.*, the antipodal cells.

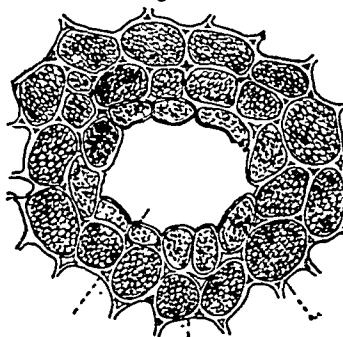


Fig. 4.

Part II. treats of Vegetable Histology. Here the student is introduced to the mysterious structure of plants as revealed to us by the microscope. This part of the work is extremely carefully prepared, and if the teacher carries out the practical work as given in the book the student must necessarily gain that fundamental knowledge of plant structure and its subsequent physiology as based on structure. We select for illustration fig. 4 (434 in book). This figure shows a secretion reservoir from the bark of rhizoma of *Aralia nudicaulis*; the outer layer of cells is starch bearing parenchyma, the inner layer consists of the fine granular cells which elaborate the secretion which is then collected in the central reservoir. The illustration is magnified 125 diameters.

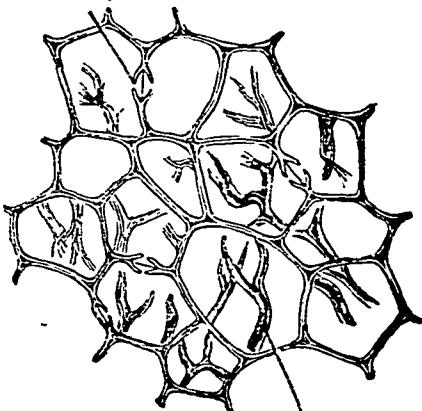


Fig. 5.

Figures 5 and 6 (423 and 424) show transverse and longitudinal views of trabecular tracheids, from leaf of common Juniper, *a.*, thickenings, crossing the lumen of the cell; *b.*, bordered pits, magnified 380 diameters.

With the beautiful text-books of Prof. Bastin the study of plants must become delightful to the student. But we must remember what the author himself says so appositely, that "the study of Botany is primarily the study of plants, and not the study of books about plants." And to guide the student in the study of plants, the author has added practical exercises after every chapter which must be followed to acquire a real and profitable knowledge. Space does not permit us now to give an idea of the 4th part of the Text-book, but we hope to speak of it in future contributions.

A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C.

HUMAN knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.—*Smiles*.

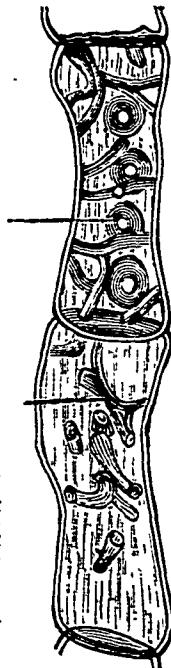


Fig. 6.

College Gossip.

—A \$50,000 university hospital will soon be erected at Ann Arbor for the University of Michigan.

—Bowdoin College is taking an active interest in rowing matters this year. They will make an attempt to meet Cornell at New London next June.

—A little Chicago girl informed a visitor the other day that she had two brothers in college. One of them, she said, was a freshman and the other a semaphorist.

—Student (not very clear as to his lesson): "That's what the author says, anyway."—Professor: "I don't want the author, I want you!"—Student (despairingly): "Well, sir, you've got me."—*Ex.*

—Marshall Field has given ten acres of land, valued at \$100,000, for a site for the Chicago University. J. D. Rockafeller, of New York City, contributed \$600,000 as a starter for an endowment fund.—*Ex.*

—The confirmation by the United States Senate of Gen. Thomas J. Morgan as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and the Rev. Dr. Dorchester as Superintendent of Indian Schools, was a foregone conclusion. Let American Catholics remember gratefully, however, the eminent non-Catholics, as Senators Jones, Vest, Ingalls, Pierce, Plumb and Davis, who stood manfully with them in protest against the appointment of these officials whose bigoted and un-American beginning of administration, and whose impracticable educational schemes presage no good to America nor to the Indians.—*Pilot*.

PRACTICAL ELOCUTION.

The human lungs reverberate, sometimes with great velocity,
When windy individuals engage in much verbosity,
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the deuce were in it.

Chorus—The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

—The library of the Catholic University at Washington is gradually being increased by the reception of new books from this country and Europe. At present it contains about six thousand volumes, embracing treatises on dogmatic and moral theology, canon law, Scripture, philosophy, liturgy, apologetics, history ecclesiastical and civil. Many of these works are rare and very valuable. The Oriental languages are well represented, especially the Arabic and Syriac. Among the rare books are several immense volumes illustrative of Egyptian monuments, now out of print; also a complete collection of the pamphlets on the Vatican Council, bound in twenty-three volumes. Nearly all the languages are represented in these pamphlets.

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Staff.

J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90,	
H. P. BRELSFORD, '91,	W. M. C. LARKIN, '90,
	H. A. HOLDEN, '91,
W. P. MCPHEE, '90,	C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,
	J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,
JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.	D. BARRETT, '90,
	R. ADELSPERGER, '90.

—The recent production of Prof. Egan's melodrama, "At the Sign of the Rose," is conceded on all sides to have been a pronounced success. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature in the rendition of the play was the spirit and fidelity with which the minor *rôles* were assumed. Creditable acting from the "star" performers is always expected; but too often is their success vitiated by the incompetency of those appearing in the lesser parts. Indeed in the performance referred to it was difficult to say who were the "stars." Mr. Blackman, for instance, had but little action and less dialogue; and yet with such skill did he portray the character of the typical blundering servant that the part became one of the features of the play. Careful conception and portrayal of the accessory parts are absolutely essential to the acceptable rendering of a drama, and in this regard the production of the "Sign of the Rose" was especially praiseworthy.

—The West has triumphed. The great parliamentary struggle is over, and Chicago has been awarded the "World's Fair." After a sharp struggle the House has decided in favor of the Garden City, and now it only remains for the Senate to ratify this choice, which it certainly will do. While we glory in the fact that this great international exposition will be in our midst, we are not unaware that there is a great principle underlying this contest. It was not so much a fight between New York and Chicago as a struggle between the East and the West. One strove to strengthen a mastery, the other to assert its independence and its equality. We have seen the beginning of the end. The domination of the East must and should cease. The time has passed for a few legislators upon

our seashore to attempt to dictate the policy for sixty millions of people inhabiting a vast continent. New York is but at the gateway of the nation; Chicago is in the heart of the continent. There will be, doubtless, a great number of visitors from abroad. With the Fair in the West it will give them an opportunity of examining personally the evidences of our strength,—our greatness, our resources and our enterprise.

We cannot but commend the judgment of the House. There seems to be a disposition upon the part of some of our statesmen to postpone the exposition until 1893. While we are not in favor of any undue haste, we fail to appreciate the need of this delay. Two years should certainly be long enough to make the necessary arrangements. It is true, it would occur upon the year of a presidential election; but this should not interfere with an honest vote, nor intensify party strife.

Mardi Gras.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 21, 1890.

Mardi Gras! The word awakens in the memory of men of the Latin race grotesque merry-making, pragmatic pranks, festive frolics, curious costumes, variegated raiment, dominoes, masks, monkeyshines, music of Macbeth, witches and China orchestras—a kind of Midsummer-night's Dream with mischief-making Pucks and Ariels to befog and bewilder old folks and children. That Darwin did not make use of this harmless but silly Continental observance to prove man's descent from the *Simiadæ* proves that great scientists, like great poets, sometimes nod.

On the Corso of Rome, the Boulevard of Paris, the Rue Royale of Brussels, one could have witnessed a few years ago, all the *extravaganzas*, follies and picturesqueness of the Carnival in its full development. A merry war, in which the missiles used were pellets or handfuls of flour, comfits, *bon bons*, and other harmless engines of destruction, was vigorously waged between the revelers in the streets and the spectators on the balconies of the adjacent buildings. There was to be seen a surging, motley crowd of persons dressed in costumes of every shape and color, personating or caricaturing people of every rank and profession, sometimes even the animal creation. There was his infernal Majesty in flaming red with forked tail and menacing horns; Venuses adorned with crowns of carrots and munching ginger-bread; spectacled Cupids smoking meerschaums instead of shooting sharp arrows at love-sick swains. Companies of metamorphosed mimics paraded the streets and squares on foot or in wagons and chariots. They bedaubed the passers-by or lookers-on with flour, struck them with bladders attached by a cord

to a short handle, and at the same time made the most infernal music with tin horns, pans, pots, penny-whistles, kazoos, bazoos and whangdoodles, or uttered savage cries and groans composed of an Indian's war-whoop, the braying of a donkey and the bleating of a motherless calf, at the same time dancing and gesticulating as wildly as the ancient Bacchantes of Rome or Greece. Such was *Mardi Gras* as I beheld it a quarter of a century ago. How time flies—though old college boys and young academy maids don't like to admit it! But of late years the Continental Carnival is passing away like other Old World institutions. In former times people of some social standing ventured to indulge in its follies under cover of a mask or domino; now only the irrepressible small boy and the robustious rowdy make the air hideous with the tootings of tin horns, or practise the antics of moonstruck madness.

In addition to the Carnival, the chief cities of the Low Countries held centennial celebrations by means of brilliant scenic parades that vividly recalled the great personages, the events, manners, customs and costumes of times long past. In 1864 I witnessed a magnificent display of this kind in Mechlin, Belgium. It presented in antique dress or armor the men and women who had prominently figured in the medieval annals of Flanders—kings, queens, barons, dukes, counts with their courtiers or retainers; regiments of infantry and squadrons of cavalry in burnished steel; bands of music playing quaint airs on rude instruments; court-jesters, peasants, trades-unions; also the gods, giants and gnomes of ancient Gaul or that part of it which was inhabited by the *Belgæ*. There were chivalrous knights on horseback armed both horse and rider, cap-à-pie for the fray or tournament. Many of the groups were in floats built up in harmony with the character of their occupants, others marched on foot to the sound of martial airs that might have inspired Godfrey de Bouillon in his onslaughts on the unspeakable Turk. Men tricked out as horses by means of frame or wicker work covered with skins, went plunging and rearing as high-bred steeds into the admiring crowds. Underneath, and concealed within huge figures of giants, elephants or ogres, were several athletic men who moved these mock monsters in their special *rôles* to the infinite delight of the open-mouthed populace. An enormous rooster flapped his wings and crowed with such lustiness and perfection as to gain the plaudits of the rabble.

The preparation of such an exhibition demanded a pretty fair knowledge of archæology, history and art. The pageant was not only extremely interesting and attractive as a public spectacle, it was at the same time a very instructive object lesson in history to the multitudes. Of this sort is the *Mardi Gras* of New Orleans. It eliminates all the trivial, grotesque and repulsive features of the European Carnival, while it preserves, improves and highly develops

its best characteristics—the historical, symbolic, mythological and artistic.

Mardi Gras was first introduced into the Crescent City a little over half a century ago, by some young Creole gentlemen who had completed their education at Paris and who had been indoctrinated into the mysteries of the Carnival as there celebrated. At first it took the form of splendid cavalcades in which the most prominent men in the city took part. Sometimes it lapsed even for years into oblivion, only to be again revived with great pomp and *éclat*. In 1857 it took the form of floats which represented real or imaginary characters and scenes. Since then it has been annually observed, except when interrupted by the late war or by pestilence.

New Orleans has taken the palm from the Old World for the good taste, accuracy and gorgeousness of its classic displays. *Mardi Gras* signifies "Fat Tuesday," or the last day on which meat is allowed to the faithful until the Lenten season is over, according to the ancient discipline of the Church. It is also termed Carnival, or *carni vale*, which means farewell to flesh meats.

Three distinct scenic processions took place here on the 18th inst.: that of his Majesty, Rex, at noon, and those of the Krewe of Proteus, and of the Mistick Krewe of Comus, in immediate succession at night. The day before, called by the French *Lundi Gras*, Rex, personated by Sylvester P. Walmsley, Esq., a cotton prince and his queen, Miss Nita, daughter of the Mayor of the city, sailed up the river in a royal yacht drawn by a steam tug, and landed at the foot of Canal street, the main thoroughfare or avenue of the city. They were attended by courtiers, maids of honor, and thirty dukes of the mystic realm, among whom were Bathurst, Lord High Chamberlain, the dukes of Massasoit, Wamphassock, York, Okee Chobee, Tombigbee and Memphramagog.

As Rex and his consort moved up the river in their royal barge, like Anthony and Cleopatra on the Nile, all the shipping on either side ran up gay bunting which represented the great commercial nations of the globe. Cannon boomed, the steamers along the docks and the locomotives of the various railroads whistled as if for an approaching collision. The horrid din that rent the air would drown all the infernal noises of Milton's pandemonium or Dante's *Inferno*.

After landing, their majesties were escorted to the City Hall—a palace of marble—by a glittering array of mounted knights, equerries and peers of their tinsel realm. Here the keys of the city were formally delivered up to the king by his Honor the Mayor, who nominally abdicated his authority for a few brief hours to add to the solemnity of the festival.

The Queen then held a reception at St. Charles' Hotel, the old historic rendezvous for the leading politicians and wealthy planters of the South. In the evening their majesties, attended

by a brilliant suite, went to one of the principal theatres where they were greeted by the royal anthem played by the orchestra on their entrance.

At noon on Tuesday the Rex procession was formed and paraded the principal streets, such as Canal and other central avenues. The variegated and dazzling colors of the floats, the brilliant costumes of the masqueraders, the royal colors of Rex-purple, green and gold—floating from the windows and balconies—the flags of the United States and of *Vaterland* in honor of the *Saengerfest*, the throngs of people that filled the sidewalks along the route, estimated at 250,000, made a panorama of magnificence which reminded the classical reader of the gorgeous triumphal entry into the ancient capital of the world, of its victorious generals or war-like emperors.

The designs of the floats in the day parade were the Rulers of Ancient Times, namely: Urukh of Chaldea; Justinian of Byzantium; Shalmanezer of Assyria; Solomon of Israel; Ching Wang of China; Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra; Rameses of Egypt; Alexander of Macedon; Abdurraman; William the Conqueror; Cyaxares; Almansour, Caliph of Bagdad; Charlemagne; Genseric, King of the Vandals; Nero of Rome; Albion, founder of the Lombard kingdom; Menes, First King of Egypt; Cyrus of Persia.

We may ask the *cui bono* of all this tinsel glitter and pompous display. The new Orleanists will reply that it is all right and commendable from whatever standpoint we may consider it. If from a mere pecuniary point of view, the Carnival pours a golden stream, such as Midas would envy, into Creole coffers and thereby more than amply compensates for the lavish expenditure of money by the most generous and patriotic class of the citizens of New Orleans. It is estimated that 130,000 people visited the city during the dual celebration of the *Saengerfest* and Carnival. Mr. Coleman, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt. of the I. C. Ry., told me his road had brought from 12,000 to 15,000 passengers to the city; and these multitudes did not come empty-handed. Hotel bills were high, room rent in eligible localities extravagantly dear, so that many a stranger had to wire home for the "sinews of war" wherewith to meet unforeseen expenses, and get back to his "native stamping ground."

If we look at the matter from a political point of view, say they, the kindly meeting and greeting of so many thousands of intelligent Northern and Southern men, the friendly exchange of ideas, must serve to remove forever those deep-rooted prejudices which once opened a bloody chasm between North and South, and to make men of the extreme sections of the Union feel and think alike in regard to all essential principles of a free government. If we view the subject from a social or intellectual standpoint, there are the elements of a liberal

education as well as of polish and refinement in the history, poetry, science and fine arts, which these pageants present to our study, so that the people of the Crescent City do not need envy the boasted culture of the Hub of the Universe itself. Then, too, the industries which these displays originate afford employment and good wages to a large number of workmen and artisans in the city.

S.

Books and Periodicals.

ATHLETICS AND MANLY SPORT. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Illustrated. Boston: The Pilot Publishing Co.

This volume is not the work of a writer under bonds to his publisher to produce a book on sport. It has been written "with love," as the Italians say; and with the manifest purpose of showing boys and men the way to health and to the mental elasticity that waits on health. Mr. O'Reilly does everything well, because he brings to his work a strength of purpose and enthusiasm which together make what is called "magnetism." No one of intelligence can read this book without feeling the nobility and poetry of athletic sports and without catching some reflection of the author's love for nature. Mr. O'Reilly is no advocate of the prize ring; but he holds that the art of boxing is one of the best means of developing the muscles of the human body. His papers on canoeing are delightful. With a more modern touch than that of Isaac Walton, he surrounds the voyages of his canoe with all the glamor and interest the old fisherman gave to the art of angling. The athletes of our university should secure copies of this book, which will not afford them pleasure only for a day, but for many days and years.

AN ELEMENTARY COURSE IN PRACTICAL ZOOLOGY. By B. P. Cotton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This is a book which we can heartily recommend to all beginners in the science of Zoölogy. In it the student learns not simply the names of animals, but he is made to know the animals themselves. Thirty-two animals are selected as types of the various classes; and by a practical method the student is initiated into the knowledge of the structure of these representative forms. The book is very useful as a supplement to a lecture course in Zoölogy and for private study. The author evidently is of the opinion that seeing is knowing; and to see everything about the animals which he has chosen is a point which he has carried out for every one of them. The book is not illustrated. The author believes that for illustrations the student should look directly to nature. Evidently the author had in view that the student in Zoölogy should not study books about animals, but that he should study the animals themselves. We do not hesitate to say that no better text-book could be placed in the hands of a beginner in the study of the animal world.

Exchanges.

—*The Convent Echo* is well edited, and typographically neat.

—For a model exchange department commend us to that feature of the *Spectator*.

—The current *Index* has an article on the "Heart" full of light touches and novel thoughts.

—The *Highlander* is steadily improving. The January number is particularly well gotten up.

—The "Creed of Charity," in the *College Transcript*, is an article full of thought and well worthy of careful reading.

—The illustrations in the February *Adelphian* are of unusual excellence and reflect much credit on its art department.

—The poetry in the literary columns of *The Dartmouth* is greatly above the average of like productions in the college press.

—The *Hesperian* announces that the University of Nebraska has decided to dispense with orations by the graduating class at commencement.

—The *Columbia Spectator*, in its issue of Feb. 13, contains an interesting account of the installation of Hon. Seth Low as the President of Columbia College.

—The latest edition of the *Round Table* contains an interesting article on "The Making of a Professor," in which the methods that obtain in the Old World universities are contrasted with our own.

—The *Dial*, Vol. I., No. 1., from St. Mary's College, Kansas, comes to us marked, "please exchange." With pleasure. If its initial number is a criterion for its future excellence, the blushing *débutante* promises to be a worthy representation of the famous Kansas college.

—The February number of the *Vanderbilt Observer* contains an article on "Bruno and Catholicism" that is distinguished by an honesty and freedom from bias truly refreshing in this day of bigoted utterances. The *Observer* deserves credit for its evident intent to deal fairly with all questions and creeds.

—We have before us No. 4 of the first volume of *The Athenæum*, the recent rival of the *Elite Journal* at Illinois Wesleyan University, and the organ of the Greek letter fraternities of that institution. Typographically the *Athenæum* is inferior to the *Elite Journal*, but it surpasses the latter in the quality and diversity of its literary matter. *The Athenæum* is bright and well edited.

—The *University Monthly* has been pleased to take us to task for the cruel manner in which we treated the *Holcad*. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, Brother. We like to find our convictions respected by others, and our purpose is to do all we can for this end. If we took liberties with any of your friends, you may put this fact down to the credit of the *Holcad* from which source we derived our inspiration.

—The current number of the *College Message* is unusually meritorious. Among other good things it contains an appreciative and critical article upon that important factor in contemporary literature, the American Reviews; and in its exchange department, an able refutation of the charge recently rehashed by the *Guardian*, namely, that "The Pope forced Galileo to kneel down before the cross and recant his teaching that the earth moved around the sun."

—The *University Forum* is the pompous title of the ponderous journal issued monthly by the Alumni and students of the University of the city of New York. We must confess that we were disappointed in the *Forum*. From its pretentious exterior we were led to anticipate a rare feast when we should have leisure for its literary columns; but we were sadly misled. Typographically the *Forum* is beyond reproach; but there its merit ends. About half of the magazine is devoted to advertisements, and with small loss the remaining half might be devoted to a like purpose.

—The status of the *Blackburnian* in the field of college journalism is not so high or so firmly fixed that it can afford to cumber its columns with such malicious rot as is found in a recent effusion, under the title of "A Deliverance." To enter into a detailed *critique* of the article in question would be to pay it more attention than its merits justify. Suffice it to say that it is a sophomoric ebullition, in which the old decrepit libels on the Catholic faith are pressed into service, and rejuvenated by the brilliant imagination of the young and hysterical author —for he must be very young. The time has passed when fair-minded adherents of any faith will sanction such a tirade of bigotry and ignorance.

—The *Northwestern* takes exception to our criticism of an article printed in one of its late issues. The exchange man opens fire by affirming that we devoted nearly an entire column to the discussion of the article in question. This is scarcely true. The editors of the *Northwestern* know well that the contribution referred to would hardly bear so much criticism. While perusing the literary columns of our esteemed contemporary, it occurred to us that classic English literature is, as a rule, insulting to Catholics, and that many of our current periodicals are conducted in a very unchristian spirit. The *Northwestern*'s article interested us only inasmuch as it afforded an opportunity for a few remarks on this subject. To construe our allusions to Macaulay and Carlyle into a denunciation was a feat worthy of a man who classifies Catholicism among the "sects." We feel relieved, however, when we reflect that our appreciation of these authors tallies exactly with the *dicta* of the best critics. Then, too, we might have been spared the reference to the papal power in Italy. It has absolutely no connection with anything we said, and goes down as a good joke on the *Northwestern*.

Local Items.

- Winter!
- Harry has force.
- March came in like a lion.
- St. Patrick's Monday week!
- There will be football this spring.
- No. 61 is the military trunk-room now.
- That snow has evidently come to stay.
- And still they come—what?—Snow-flakes.
- Orders for green badges will soon be in order.
- The new gong is—well, we won't hurt its feelings.
- The Congress is booming and the republicans are hot.
- All orders for gun wadding should be sent to 61, third floor.
- The Band and Orchestra will be dressed in green on the 17th.
- A new departure in Junior detentions was made last Thursday.
- It is rumored that the St. Cecilians will soon appear in public.
- “Gov.” is fair at billiards, but “Bismarck” can beat him, and did.
- Chicago has the World's Fair, but Paris has the “gym” faculty.
- The Columbians will present “The Triumph of Justice” on the 17th.
- “Reddy” can beat anyone on the vaulting horse, and don't you forget it.
- Buy a ticket for the \$100 Boat Club watch, they are now for sale; price, only 50 cents.
- The Logic and Moral Philosophy classes concluded not to go to Elkhart on St. Thomas' day.
- Our local mathematicians have promised us some notable figures respecting Commencement.
- Lost—a silk handkerchief, white, with B. in the corner. Finder will please leave it with B. Emmanuel.
- The encomiums of the press have caused the writer of “The City by the Sea” to invest in some new head gear.
- The football was out last week and shared the honors of the day with the smaller member of the family, the base-ball.
- Company “C,” H. L. G., is again in an extremely flourishing condition. Messrs. Chas. Scherrer and Geo. T. Weitzel have respectively been appointed 1st and 2d Sergeants.
- Frank H. Dexter, '85, of Kansas City, Mo., was a welcome visitor to his *Alma Mater* during the week. His many friends at Notre Dame are glad to hear of his success in the practice of the law.
- Company “B,” H. L. G., continues to prosper. Their “lockers” are situated in the Main Building now. Messrs. Ray Healy, F. Schillo

and Leo Scherrer were recently appointed non-commissioned officers.

—“The Rings of Saturn” seems to be the favorite subject for the first essay of the Grads. in the course of Science, while “The improvements in the art of bridge-building” finds many votaries among the Civil Engineers.

—The first skating of the season was enjoyed by the boys yesterday (Friday) afternoon. The ice is in fairly good condition—from six to eight inches in thickness. Cutters are now at work laying in a supply for summer use.

—Some say that the spring is the season for weddings and poetry; but, judging from the large number of Local World's Fair Poems floating into the sanctum, we are somewhat justified in calling those “some” base fabricators.

—Dr. Egan's luncheon, in honor of the Rev. M. J. Regan and the Thespians, which took place on last Sunday at the Lilacs after the High Mass, left all the guests in good humor with themselves and everybody else. The floral decorations were particularly appropriate.

—Junior base-ball politics are coming to the surface, too. Ibold and Boyd seem to have a pretty clear field for side captaincies in the 1st nine; no candidates have been announced for the “Special” management; but popular sentiment runs something like Brady or Hannin.

—The following telegram was recently sent to Mayor Cregier of Chicago; it explains itself:

“The St. Cecilians of Notre Dame University, in conclave assembled, send heartiest congratulations and earnest wishes for success to the ‘Fairest of the World's Wonders,’ Chicago!”

M. QUINLAN, Sec'y.

—The Staff were cruelly evicted from their “den” one day last week. It could not be said that the bric-a-brac, the lace curtains, the malachite vases and the Turkish rugs, as well as other costly furniture in the room, had been injured by any member; for on examining the Turkoman *portières* and the Henri Quatre candlesticks, not even the odor of cigarette smoke was detected. However, the fact is that admittance to their parlors was denied the members of the Staff. *Fiat justitia!* Our little paper is serviceable in more ways than one.

—The Philodemics met in regular session last Saturday evening. Mr. P. Hempler was elected a member by a unanimous vote. The house devoted considerable attention to the discussion of the negro bill. Bills to increase pensions, and to provide Federal officers to supervise elections in the South were introduced by Messrs. Sinnott and Morrison. Frequent debates arose as to questions of order and the rulings of the chair. The republicans have adopted a filibustering policy and are making the democrats a great deal of trouble.

—The University Moot-court held its regular session Saturday evening, March 1. The following officers were unanimously elected: Hon. William Hoynes, Judge; W. Blackman, Clerk; L. Herman, Prosecuting Attorney; J. F. Flynn,

Sheriff; H. O'Neill, Deputy Sheriff; J. McWilliams, Coroner; T. McKeon and F. Lane, Reporters; J. Burns, Librarian; C. Cassin, Assistant Librarian. There are several cases on the calendar which will be reached and disposed of at an early day. The students are all greatly interested in their work and the Law class is flourishing.

—The 24th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was called to order Wednesday evening, the 5th inst. As an introduction to the exercises, Mr. G. T. Weitzel delivered his inaugural address as 1st Vice-President. After the reading of a criticism on the previous meeting by Mr. C. Fleming, the question for debate was then taken up: "Was the introduction of machinery beneficial to the laboring class?" In this all the members participated. The speeches of Messrs. W. Maher, C. Fitzgerald and E. Du Brul were the best of the evening. The society is now contemplating a public entertainment.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week were: Mr. J. W. Stapleton, of Aberdeen, S. D., who called to see his son in the Junior department; Mr. W. M. Collins, of Louisville, Ky., who entered his son at the University; Mr. J. H. Dorsey, of Glencoe, Minn., who passed a few hours visiting his brother in the Senior dep't; Mr. M. M. Burns, of Mason City, Iowa, visiting his brother in the Seniors; Mr. E. V. Brooksfield, of Cincinnati, who paid a pleasant visit to his son in the Senior dep't; J. C. Badger (of '87) and A. M. Ludwig, Arlington, Neb.; Mrs. C. H. Covert and son, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. M. Leonard, South Chicago, Ill., and J. V. Oates, Cleveland, Ohio.

—The thirteenth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, March 5, President Col. Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After the roll-call the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The debate on the tariff question, continued from the last meeting, was resumed by Mr. Herman and closed by Mr. McConlogue. The chair postponed his decision of the argument until the next meeting, as there was not time to make a summary of the several speeches. There will be a public debate given next Thursday evening, March 15, under the auspices of this society, in which the Negro Emigration Bill will be discussed. The gentlemen who will take part in this controversy are Messrs. J. F. Flynn, J. Hepburn, F. Long and F. E. Lane.

—Two rare treasures have recently been placed in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. They are the pallium sent to Archbishop Odin by Pope Pius IX. and the pallium sent to Archbishop Leray by Leo XIII. The pallium is personal to each archbishop, and the law of the Church requires that on the death of the metropolitan it shall be placed in his coffin under his head and buried with him. Archbishop Odin and Archbishop Leray, both metropolitans of New Orleans, died in Europe, and so deeply were they

loved there that the people of France refused to permit the precious remains to be transferred to America. Their palliums being at their archiepiscopal see were not interred with them; consequently it was in the power of the present Archbishop, Most Rev. Mgr. Janssens, to place these treasures in the Bishops' Memorial Hall at Notre Dame.

LOCAL OPINIONS.

As the base-ball elections will soon be the reigning topic, the advisability of interviewing prominent citizens on the subject occurred to us. Accordingly, a reporter was given instructions and sent to perform the task; and thanks are certainly due the gentlemen for allowing him to return alive. He performed his mission successfully, however, and herewith appears the result of his labors.

Entering the smoking room, the first person he met was Geo. Long; and as George is a harmless sort of fellow he was thought to be an admirable subject to begin with. So, putting on his favorite "Subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC" smile, he accosted the innocent pitcher:

"You are a candidate for captain of the special team, Mr. Long?"

"Well, I haven't formally announced my name, if that is what you mean; I intend to leave the matter entirely with my friends."

"Are there any other candidates for that position?"

"No, I believe not."

"Who are the leading candidates for captain of the first and second nines?"

"Well, that is hard to say; Messrs. R. Bronson, S. Campbell, F. Kelly, and W. Hayes are in the field, as near as I can learn. However, the lines are not closely enough drawn yet to determine definitely the relative strength of any of the contestants."

"Who have been mentioned for the second-nine?"

"Jas. Dougherty of Sorin Hall has been doing a great deal of quiet work, I should say, from the number that he has been taking to the store recently. Ed. Schaack has been mentioned, and I think H. Schwartz will develop considerable strength before the election."

"Oh! yes, Mr. Dougherty is well qualified. He has shown no little skill on the diamond here, and, I understand, enjoyed quite a "rep." as a base-ballist in California."

"How will the special team this year compare with those of former times?"

"Very favorably, I think; and, furthermore, there will be many things to our advantage during the coming season. Bro. Paul expects to have the grounds levelled off, graded and otherwise improved; and also, if possible, erect a neat little grand stand for the accommodation of visitors."

Just then the reporter espied Ed. Coady, and, knowing that he is well on to the secrets of the star chamber, proceeded to interrogate him.

"What do you think of the base-ball outlook, Ed.?"

"Well, I believe we can put up a better team this year than ever. The infield will be strong and the outfield exceptionally good. Long and Hayes will make a good battery with J. Smith and C. Flynn as a change. Our association is now well equipped."

"Who seem to be the favorites for the various captaincies?"

"I have hardly given the matter enough attention to make an intelligent answer to that question. The fact is I feel no personal interest except in the second nine. Mr. H. Schwartz is my choice first, last and all the time. I may say to you confidentially that I am attending to Mr. H. Schwartz's interests in that direction."

About this time the SCHOLASTIC man bethought himself to wend his way to the reading room in search of Mr. Schwartz. After a cordial hand shake that gentleman testified his awe of the newspaper man by presenting his cigar case from which, of course, the reporter proceeded to help himself.

"You are a candidate for base-ball honors, Mr. Schwartz?"

"Well, I don't know; my friends have been urging me to announce myself as a candidate for captain of the second nine; but since the insertion of my "personal" in the *Herald*, my correspondence has increased to such an extent that I fear I cannot devote that attention to base-ball which I should wish. However, should I decide to run I think I can count upon the votes of a majority of the Chicago contingent."

"Have you any choice for captains of the other nines?"

"No: I am not prepared to say just how I shall vote yet; my sympathies are with the Prohibitionists; but if the other parties nominate good men I shall support them."

"What do you think of the project to improve the grounds, etc?"

"I think it is just the thing. In regard to the erection of the grand stand for visitors I have \$10 I am ready to contribute to aid such an undertaking."

The reporter next turned towards Sorin Hall, and upon his arrival there opened the campaign with an attack upon the genial Frank Fehr, who seemed to have nothing much to do at the time.

"Say, Frank, what do you think of the coming base-ball season?"

"Well, I have given a little thought to the matter, and my firm conviction is that we never had a better special. The infield is the same as that of last year, and the outfield is considerably stronger. A few changes will, of course, be necessary; but when they are made we can back our boys and win every time."

"Who do you think will be elected captains?"

"Long seems to be the man for the special, and for the first nines I expect Kelly and Bronson to win. Kelly must run again; he is a great player; takes lots of interest in the game, and is the best field manager we have."

"How about the second nines?"

"Why, I think Jim Doherty will be one of their captains, and Brannick says the oracles predict Schaack as the other; but the 'governor' may enter the ring himself before long. I am not sure about the elections, but I am confident that we will have a great special."

At this juncture Mr. Prudhomme strolled upon the scene and, as Mr. Fehr seemed anxious to leave, the scribe transferred his attention to the football fiend. Always ready to be accommodating, it was no hard matter to get him to talk.

"Who do I think will be elected? Well, the fact is, I don't know. Kelly and Cooke say they will not run, and if they mean it I do not know who the Hall will put up. Jewett is my choice if he will play, and he will make a daisy. Long is sure of the special, and I favor Bronson as one of the leaders. For the second nine my men are McKeon and Mike Kelly. But, say, there is Frank Kelly, he can give you all the tips you want on base-ball matters. Speak to him."

The man with the pencil thanked the gentleman and introduced himself to Kelly of whom he had heard much. When the subject was broached the ex-captain gladdened the reportorial heart by acknowledging that "he had figured this out two months ago."

"Well, who should be elected?"

"Long for the special, with Bronson and Hayes for the other two nines," was the prompt reply.

"How about yourself?"

"I want it understood that I am not in it at all this year. I have been captain twice and am satisfied. The men I have mentioned are the best of those who intend to run, and they should be elected."

"What is your position on the diamond question?"

"I am with the rest of the boys in saying that unless we get a new diamond we will not play this spring. There is not enough room where we are now, and as there is plenty of spare ground on the campus we should have a new diamond. We will have an excellent team this spring."

Mr. Kelly was compelled to excuse himself, and the reporter was about to withdraw from the field when he ran across Mr. Cooke and stopped him with the stereotyped question:

"George, who will be elected captains?"

"As far as I can judge, Long, Bronson and Hayes are the chosen ones," the second baseman responded, "and

McKeon and Garfias should be elected in the second nine."

"What do you think about the coming season?"

"If we stick together and get a new diamond we will be all right, as we have a fine team. We should do more playing with outsiders. This championship plan is almost played out and should be retired. McKeon is my choice for the second nine. If Long gets the special we will have a strong nine and a good captain—that is all I have to say about it."

When Mr. Hepburn was approached he borrowed a cigarette and match from the reporter, and said he had nothing to say. Mr. Bronson said the same. As the hour was late, the scribe went home and retired. His dreams were of specials making new diamonds with a base hit in the box and elections coming. "Let the best man win."

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Bachrach,* Cassidy, L. Chute, F. Chute, Clayton, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, Cartier, Crall, Cosgrove, Dennis, Davis, Dyer, Daniels, Jas. Dougherty, Dunkel, F. Flynn, A. Flynn, P. Fleming, Fehr, Fack, Garfias, Gough, Grimes, E. Hayes, Herman, Hackett, Heard, B. Hughes, E. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, W. Hayes, Hoover, Hepburn, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, Krembs, J. Kelly, Kohlman, R. King, Kunart, Lesner, Langan, Lancaster, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Latson, Mock, McKeon, McAuliff, McKee, McPhee, Mackey, McConlogue, Morrison, J. McGrath, Meagher, Murphy, M. McGrath, J. Newman, W. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Prudhomme,* Paris, F. Prichard, H. Prichard-Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, Rey, nolds,* Rebillot, Rothert, Stanton, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, Scherrer, D. Sullivan, Seymour, Soden, Standard, O. Sullivan, Tedeus, V. Vurpillat,† F. Vurpillat, Youngermann, Zinn, Zimmerman.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Aarons, B. Bates, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Blumenthal, Bruel, Bradley, Bos, Barclay, Burns, Cunningham, Coll, E. Connors, Collins, Delaney, Doig, Dempsey, Drumm, DeLormier, J. M. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Garrison, Gross, Galen, Grund, Howard, Hannin, Hamaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, Hagus, Heller, Hoerr, Jacobs, Kearney, Lenard, J. Leonard, Löwenstein, Lamberton, Lorie, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Jas. McPhillips, Mier, McCartney, Jos. McPhilips, A. McPhillips, F. Mc-Ke, McNally, McIvers, McCormack, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Otis, O'Mara, Palmer, Putnam, Prichard, Quinlan, Roper, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Sutter, Stapleton, Swan, Smith, Treff, Tetard, Tinsley, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Young, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayres, Adler, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Browning, Beirs, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Crane, Croke, Durand, Elkin, Eckler, Eze-kiel, W. Finnerty, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furth-man, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hendry, F. Holbrook, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kuehl, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Marre, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Marre, Mosier, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, L. Paul, Priestly, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, W. Scherrer, G. Scherer, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Wever, Wilcox, Weber, Wolfe, Wilson, G. Zoehrlaut, Washburne, Zeigler.

* Omitted by mistake for three weeks.

† Omitted by mistake last week.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Monday morning Very Rev. Father General favored the Children of Mary with a beautiful instruction on devotion to St. Joseph.

—An interesting competition was held last Thursday in the Third Senior Rhetoric class; all the participants showed an enthusiasm that could come only from earnest study.

—The Second Senior class shows a commendable interest in the study of composition; several excellent allegories were read in the class last week; the best one, by Miss K. Morse, is given below.

—The members of the Class of '90 entertained the Third Seniors on Tuesday last. The evening passed most pleasantly, thanks to the affability of the hostesses. Misses Penburthy and M. McPhee rendered selections in instrumental music, and Miss L. Dolan gave a pleasing recitation.

—Miss Blanche Hellman read an interesting article on "The game of Loto," at the academic meeting of Sunday, March 2; Miss L. Ernest then recited "Marguerite of France," after which Very Rev. Father General made a few happy remarks and introduced the "Speaker of the house," Rev. Father Zahm, who entertained his audience with an instructive "talk" on scientific and other subjects.

—The visitors of the past week were: Mrs. J. Scanlan, Mrs. J. S. Cooke, Mrs. P. Cavanaugh, D. C. Hazen, Miss E. Wright, Chicago; Mrs. J. E. Bates, Denver, Col.; S. O'Brien, M. D. O'Brien, Park, Mich.; Mrs. B. A. Tormey, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. M. McHale, Adrian, Mich.; Dr. J. Dorsey, Glencoe, Minn.; F. Claffey, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. S. Rose, La Grange, Ind.

Pandora's Box.

In pagan mythology it was said that the first of mankind were two brothers, one of whom, Prometheus, brought back to earth the fire of which Zeus had deprived men; in punishment for this daring deed, Zeus formed Pandora and sent her to Prometheus, who, charmed by her grace and beauty, made her his wife. In the house of the brothers was a closed jar which they had been forbidden to open; but Pandora, desirous of knowing the contents of the jar, raised the lid, and all the evils hitherto unknown to man poured out and spread over the earth. Frightened at the result of her act, she closed the lid in time to prevent the escape of hope, who remained with man his chief support and comfort.

However different the source to which we trace all evil, none can deny the power of hope as a consoler; when it rests in the human heart, life's burdens are rendered light; it transforms the hardships of the present into beautiful dreams for the future; it changes the rude cabin into a comfortable home, and sweetens the labor of hand and head. Hope is particularly the constant friend of the young; she paints the years to come in glowing colors, and throws beautiful tints over possible trials, so that they seem but trivial; and as days roll by, carrying us from under the loving influence and care of a mother, hope walks beside us smoothing many a difficulty and removing many a sharp thorn from our pathway. The spirit of hope visits the poor street-urchin and causes his heart to leap for joy at visions of bright days to come when his fondest dreams will be realized; the business man as he performs his daily round of duties is strengthened by the thought that soon affluence will be his, and the yoke of untiring labor will be removed from his weary shoulders. Little success would be achieved in this world were it not for hope's sweet ministrations; the pursuits carried on through necessity would lose their dignity, and the weight of life's cares would be crushing indeed. The sweet fancies of youth are dissipated when stern, active life is before us; but hope dies not; she remains our companion, even when we think that our aspirations are dead, and turns our gaze to a better land where our crown awaits us.

Not a page of history but bears the impress of hope. Cæsar, after distributing the possessions of Julius among his followers, was asked what he had taken for his portion; he replied: "Hope." The same possession it was that opened a path to Charlemagne when his desire was to make France a great nation; and were the life of each one of us open for analysis, one of the most important of influences would be found in hope. Its absence makes a picture dreadful to look upon; and were we deprived of the companionship of hope, many of us would sit down by the wayside of life weary of a path that led to nothing higher and nobler than our every-day environments.

If hope as a moral quality is so active in promoting our welfare, what shall be said of the Christian virtue, that divine gift by which we look for the fulfilment of Christ's promises? Verily is it our guiding star through this vale of woe; and though sin and its consequences have brought misery into the world, there remains in the heart that has been regenerated by the waters of baptism that greatest of bless-

ings, hope, which shall be our solace until the happy day which finds us at the feet of the Master who alone can make hopes realities.

ETTA FLANNERY (*Class '90*).

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An Allegory of the Cheerful and the Discontented Raindrops.

Under the eaves of a low, gable-roofed cottage stood an old, moss-covered rain-water barrel. No barrel could wish for a pleasanter spot on which to stand; for on one side of it lay an old-fashioned, sweet-scented garden, hedged in by rows of lilacs and cinnamon roses, and beyond that stretched away to the blue hills rolling green meadows, dotted here and there with daisies. Behind it was the door-yard, with its ever-varying scenes, and, best of all, it stood right against the window of the pleasantest room in this vine-clad cottage. All through the day children's merry chatter floated out upon the sweet summer air, and the hum of older voices reached the barrel as neighbors dropped in now and then for a gossip. And oh! how many tales that discreet old barrel could have told! but it never once betrayed the confidence reposed in it. Numberless raindrops were in the old barrel, and their natures were as diversified as those of the many who went in and out of the cottage. Some of the drops had been there all summer long; their hopes rising whenever the servant maid came out with her water pail, but only to be dashed down again; for these little drops longed eagerly for their bright, beautiful home in the clouds; and oh! how anxious they were to be taken out of that barrel.

Two drops were particularly noticeable among their numerous companions: one was a sparkling, pleasant little creature who tried to make the best of her surroundings, although sometimes she was intensely homesick for her cloud home; but at these times she would quickly recover herself, and would dance and glisten at the top of the barrel, in order, she said, to try and attract some stray sunbeam who might be charitable enough to take her up to her own home. The other was a surly, grumbling, heavy old drop who had lain all summer at the bottom of the barrel in company with the tadpoles and various other wriggling little creatures. He saw no use in trying to be cheerful when one did not feel so inclined; and as for wasting time in dancing around at the top of the barrel, why, that was all foolishness. Sunbeams were such selfish creatures, anyhow, they would not be liable to turn out of their course just for a silly

little raindrop; so he moodily sank to the bottom of the barrel, where his companions had pushed him, for they did not want such a surly fellow among them. So, it happened that on one charming day, when our sparkling little drop was even more cheerful and danced more merrily than usual, and her discontented comrade was even more sulky and sank still deeper into the moss away down at the bottom, that the servant maid came out to the barrel, and when she had filled her bucket went away taking with her our bright little friend.

There were some very fine old laces, which must be washed in the very purest water, and oh! how well our little drop did her duty. But patience wins at last; for when the laces were hung out to dry in the warm air, a wanton sunbeam was attracted by the glistening drop of water and generously turned aside from his path, taking her straight up to her dear home and friends in a large, snow-white cloud which was floating southward in the blue ether. As for the surly raindrop, it is said by those who have since escaped that he kept sinking down deeper and deeper through the moss, until he was at last absorbed into the decaying, worm-eaten sides of the old barrel itself, much to the relief of all his companions and even to the tadpoles themselves.

KITTIE MORSE (*Second Senior Class*).

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Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bogner, Bernhart, Bovett, Beck, Butler, Cunningham, Currier, Crilly, Churchill, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Deutsch, S. Dempsey, Dorsey, I. De Montcourt, Donahue, Ernest, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Hurff, Holt, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hellman, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Hepburn, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, G. Lauth, McFarland, Moore, N. Morse, Maher, McCarthy, Murison, Mullaney, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, L. Nester, O'Brien, Otis, Piper, Penburthy, Pugsley, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Regan, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Spurgeon, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, M. Clifford, Culp, M. Davis, B. Davis, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, N. McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Palmer, Philion, E. Quealy, E. Regan, Ruger, Reeves, Robbins, Shirey, M. Scherrer, M. Smyth, Soper, J. Smyth, Sweeney, Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, A. McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.